

## **When the clock strikes one by Froghunter Publishing**

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**Summary:** If there is a multiverse then all fiction is fact somewhere. And thanks to our friends at Hawkins Lab. Different universes our getting closer together. The upside down might just be the least of our worries. **RATED T FOR SOME VIOLENCE AND A POTENTIALLY LETHAL AMOUNT OF ANGST IN LATER CHAPTERS.**

## 1. Prologue

Hello ladies and gentlemen I know that it has been a long time since I last posted anything and I left a lot of unfinished stories. Well I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that I am back and will at least try to keep my stories up to date. But the bad news is that I am officially canceling all my old stories.

Now a quick summary of what I hope to accomplish in this story. I was reading assorted stranger things fanfiction. And this just kinda occurred to me. Stranger Things is perfect for self insert crossovers and OC story's as it has to do with dimensions. As a result of this you can pull people out of one world and into another C. style. And that's what I'm about to do to an OC of mine.

This first chapter will be a short prologue but I hope to have the next chapter up tomorrow or maybe even later tonight

### Prologue

The last thing I remember is leaving work and stepping out onto the street when I suddenly felt the ground shaking. At first I thought it was an earthquake but as it turned out it was something stranger.

The ground opened and a red glow engulfed my body. And then everything went black.

## **2. Chapter 1**

### **Chapter one**

The first thing my mind is able to process after I wake up is that I am laying in a hospital bed before darkness fills my vision as I black out again. When I regain consciousness for the second time I see a crowd of figures hovering over me. I continue to slip in and out of consciousness for what seems like days but might be minutes.

Finally I feel fully awake and aware of my surroundings. But now I have a different problem specifically my newly acquired crippling headache. I try to force myself into a sitting position. But am unable to rise more than a few inches from the bed. As I quickly discover a strap about my waist is preventing my escape and likewise my arms and legs are also tethered. My mind is reeling from the shock of my situation. When the door to the room opens and a tall white haired man walks into the room and says "Ah you're awake I see"

### 3. Chapter 2

#### Chapter 2

I apologize for the length of the last chapter. I was in a rush and wanted to get something up for yinz. I also am sorry for any bad grammar but I have to write this on my phone as my laptop is not available to me at this moment.

Thanks to candy95 and thatODDpotato for reviewing the last chapter. And I hope to clear up any confusion in this chapter.

"My name is doctor Brenner, and if you wouldn't mind I would like to ask you a few questions" my mind was racing "this can't be Brenner isn't real" the man claiming to be doctor Brenner gave a fake smile. And said "I will take your lack of an answer as consent. First question, who are you?" Unsure of what to do I told him my name. Putting on what I'm convinced was supposed to be a reassuring smile he continued to interrogate me. the barrage questions continued. Ranging from simple things like my age seventeen and my height five feet six inches.

To more personal things like if my parents were still alive and if I had a girlfriend. Yes and no respectively but I didn't really pay any attention to the questions, just answered them robotically. As I was still trying to comprehend how a fictional character for a Netflix show was currently interrogating me whilst I was restrained to a bed. If he was real then I was in stranger things and if I was in stranger things then I was in the eighties and if I was in the eighties then I was a time traveler and if that was the case then. THE EIGHTIES that was it if this wasn't the nineteen eighties then I wasn't stuck in a tv show I realized.

Mustering my courage I cleared my throat "excuse me Doctor might I be permitted to ask you a question?" Brenner paused for a second then nodded. "What year is it?" Brenner looked confused so I repeated the question and looked at him quizzically. Shaking his head he replied confirming that my fears were true and this really was nineteen eighty five.

After that revelation I was unable to keep my cool any more and started to cry.

I could vaguely tell people were trying to talk to me from time to time. But I didn't care enough to pay them any mind. I was a time traveler and moreover I was stuck inside my favorite show. Whilst that might sound like a dream come true to some. The realization that my parents were both in their twenties. And none of my friends were even born yet crushed me. And I locked myself inside my mind and cried.

The next couple of weeks were a blur. Occasionally doctors would take blood samples or check vitals or something else to give me a constant reminder that my life as I knew it was over.

But luckily for me God had designed humans so that when we hit rock bottom we eventually bounce back up.

One morning I awoke to realize my face was covered in a short but scraggly beard and my restraints were gone. For the first time I took in my surroundings, the room was painted a light green and other than my bed the room had an empty bookshelf and a desk.

As I was familiarizing myself with the room I quickly became aware of a problem. That being the fact I felt like I hadn't eaten in a month. And for the first time in my life I was skinny. As I looked down at my gut or lack thereof I noticed that my left hand now bore a small tattoo of an infinity symbol.

**Thank you for reading this and please feel free to give me constructive criticism... or hate comments those are always fun. I will try to have the next chapter up tomorrow. No promises**

**Have a lovely life my wonderful readers and goodnight**

## 4. Chapter 3

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to my story which as of this chapter is a triple chapter story extravaganza. ;)

On a more serious note, I would like to once again thank thatODDpotato for leaving a review and to extend the same thanks to everybody who has followed this story. Also, I think that this story has been a bit boring so far but intend to rectify this either in this chapter or the next.

### Chapter 3

It was early morning and doctor Brenner was sitting in his office nursing his cup of black coffee mixed with other less legal stimulants. A concoction that was usually reserved for Monday mornings. But today was different he wasn't trying to power up for a long week, no he was to overcome the fact that in the six days he'd had three hours of sleep. He should rest he knew that he should, but he couldn't bring himself to lay down until he had figured out his unexpected guest. But maybe just a quick nap wouldn't hurt.

Ten hours later he awoke face down in a puddle of cold coffee, with a shadow looming over him.

Straightening up quickly he saw the boy standing in the doorway. "Well?" Despite the situation, he allowed a small smile.

The hallway was empty, lit only by dim lamps along the floor stealthily I crept down the corridor trying. I passed door after door until I reached one with light escaping from underneath. Putting my ear to the door I heard a man loudly snoring from inside. Taking a deep breath I slowly pushed the door.

Looking through the crack I saw Brenner laying across his desk. Seeing my chance to get some answers I quickly approached him clearing my throat I gave the corner of his desk a kick.

He woke with a start and glanced around dumbly for a second before regaining his composure and a smile crept onto his face.

Eleven stood in the dark space where she went whilst using her powers. She was looking for someone, for Papa, ever since She and Kali found out from the bad man that he had survived the Demogorgon attack.

She had been searching for any trace of him. And today she had finally found him, and as she approached her "father" she saw not the man that had tortured her for years.

But a tired disheveled wreck his once immaculate hair was messy and his shirt was wrinkled and coffee stained. His eyes bloodshot and ringed in black. A small smile was on his face though as he explained to somebody they were his prisoner and that he would be very useful to science, and that he should be honored.

Pulling the blindfold off Eleven breathed deeply and rose to her feet. Needing to tell Hopper what she had just discovered. Rushing into the living room of the small cabin she grabbed the mic from the old trucker radio. And depressing the button she breathlessly said: "Code red" she was so excited that it took her a second to realize that she was still holding the call button. Letting it go she heard Hopper's voice bark out of the old speaker "we there in twenty minutes. Breathing a sigh of relief she thought to herself that soon Papa would be gone and whoever he was talking to would be able to escape like she had. Allowing herself a soft smile. She walked to the refrigerator and pulled out the box of Eggos and turned towards the toaster.

**Thanks for reading**

**It may be a few days before I can upload again as I have a massive project due soon. But other than that I don't see this story slowing down anytime soon.**

**Have a great week and God bless all you wonderful readers.**

## 5. Chapter 4

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to my story

The last chapter was where I really thought it was kicking off in a lot of ways. Also I jumped around to different characters and I would love to know how you like this or if you would want me to focus on my OC only like in the first two chapters.

Anyway this story is fanfiction for stranger things a show which I don't own. But with that out of the way, I think that this chapter is going to have a lot of action and adventure. Without further ado let's dive in.

### Chapter 4

Hopper stared at his "daughter" in disbelief, after she had told him about what she had found.

Brenner was alive and in Hawkins no less this was both worrying and surprising. And perhaps even more surprising was that he had found a new child that had abilities, like those of his daughter.

But most worrying of all was Eleven's request that he kill Brenner and let her watch. He knew that they would have to have a good long talk when he returned but in the meantime he would have to figure out a way to convince her to stay at the cabin while he was investigating her report. An hour later she was watching old movies with Mike and he was speeding down the highway towards the laboratory with an Armalite Rifle and a box of ammo sitting in the passenger seat next to him pulling up to the front gate he found it hanging open with the padlock lying broken on the road.

"Stupid kids" he muttered under his breath. he drove up the front door. getting out of his truck he grabbed his gun and walked into the lobby looking around. Pausing for a moment at the spot where bob had died he remembering the religion of his childhood he quickly crossed himself. Not quite sure what had compelled him to do that. He walked off down the hall.



Brenner feeling much better after a solid twenty four hours sleep. Dressed in a clean suit and with his hair freshly combed he walked into the main control room. Approaching a small man in a lab coat. In a light but serious tone he asked if the boy had been more cooperative since being sedated by the security team.

The man looked nervous and said "no sir since he woke up he hasn't stopped yelling about his rights.

Doctor Brenner gave an annoyed look and turned to leave the room. Upon inquiry from his colleagues he told them that he was going to have a little chat with their young guest.

Hopper stealthily moved from room to room looking for any signs of life and an entrance to the basement labs that didn't require use of the electrical elevator.

Opening a door he had passed a few times already assuming it was a broom closet. But upon further inspection he found a small sign laying on the ground.

Turning it over he read Sub-Level access with a broad grin on his face he pushed the door and walked into the stairwell. Stepping out into another hallway Hopper made his way towards the part of the lab he'd been to before. More on edge now than ever before as down here all the lights were on. As he snuck along clutching his Armalite he began to hear footsteps. raising his gun to his shoulder he tensed.

As just then doctor Brenner rounded the corner and found himself face to face with Jim Hopper

**Hey guys I hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I did.**

**And God bless yinz**

## 6. Chapter 5

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to the next chapter in my fanfiction.

In the last chapter Hopper was investigating El's report on the lab and he bumped into Brenner.

### Chapter 5

Eleven was mad, she had made the discovery, she had told the sheriff, and she should be there with him. Mike listened closely as she vented. She was thankful that he was willing to listen to her. She felt betrayed and angry and most of all she felt sad. It was all coming out in the form of tears.

And words she didn't even know if she meant. She was so caught up in her emotions that she didn't realize Mike had asked her a question until the third time he had repeated it. "El why don't you use your powers to watch? Then at least you can kinda be there" though she didn't know a cute smile had lit up her face. And she jumped to her feet and proceeded to make the necessary arrangements to deprive herself of her senses.

\*thump\* \*thump\* \*thump\* The sound of the ball droned on and on as I bounced it off the wall of my cell. The worst part about being a prisoner is the boredom I was sure that this ball was part of some test or other. Not that I cared it almost kept me sane. I was going through the events that had brought me here last month I was delivering pizzas for minimum wage in 2018, now I was bouncing a ball in solitary confinement as a slave for a shady FBI project in the 1980's. If it hadn't been me I never would have believed it. I was a time traveler, almost made me want to laugh at how ridiculous it was. Suddenly I was pulled from my thoughts by a strange feeling that was in my hands. They tingled like they had fallen asleep. But I still had full feeling in them, perplexed and slightly worried I reached out towards the door trying to stretch my muscles when suddenly I heard the door locks disengage, and a second later the feeling was gone. Quickly I scrambled to my feet and gingerly felt the door fearing a trap. But nothing happened, emboldened by this I opened the door

and walked out into the hall. Looking both ways I turned left and quickly walked down the hall. Opening the first door I came to I found a staff room of some kind and draped over the back of a couch was a lab coat.

Brenner felt scared not that he showed it but the feeling was there nonetheless. He was standing on the reviving end of the Sheriff's gun. He wasn't able to think about anything else but the fact that when he was gone and documents become declassified the world would remember him as a monster. It was at this moment he saw rounding the corner behind the sheriff a man in a lab coat with his face buried in a pile of notes. If the man saw him before the sheriff saw the man then he would be saved.

**Dum Dum Duuum**

**I just gave you a rather large hint at a potential power for our OC and a little bit of El and Mike (best tv couple right now)**

**God bless yinz and have a great life. Also that project wasn't as big as I thought it would be so normal writing schedule right now.**

## 7. Chapter 6

Hey guys I'm trying to write 500 words a day with this story. I went over my goal with this chapter.

sorry if I am releasing the chapters to quickly. It's just that right now I'm in the groove. I might slow down later but for now I am not going to. I hope that you enjoyed the last chapter and if you enjoy this one then don't forget to follow the story.

### Chapter 6

Eleven Stood within darkness. Her eyes locked on Hopper and Papa as they stared each other down. She had been so excited to see the man who had tortured her pay. But now she wasn't so sure, she hated Brenner but this didn't feel right. Closing her eyes she gave a small flick of her wrist, and pulled herself back into the real world.

Hopper stared at the scientist and suddenly he knew that she was right. He had to kill Brenner. Taking a deep breath he tensed up and pulled the stock of the rifle into his shoulder. He fear in Brenner eyes and they at first all he knew was that his shoulder was burning and his trigger finger was wet then a second later he found that he no longer had a gun. He saw Brenner turn and run, then a he blacked out.

I walked down the hall hiding my face in a pile of papers I had found. When suddenly I heard a clatter and a scream. Looking for the source of the commotion I saw Brenner quickly retreating down the hall. Feeling this same tingling feeling I reached out my hand and watched as a pie burst from the ceiling and smashed the doctor across his head. laying on the floor I saw the limp form of sheriff Jim Hopper even more proof that I was trapped in a fictional show. Pushing those thoughts to the back of my mind I rushed to the aid of the fallen officer. First I grabbed his gun and slung the strap around my shoulder. I then proceeded to grab him by the waist and pull him down the hall. It wasn't easy as he wasn't a small man. But eventually I reached a door Marked stairwell and putting him down for a second kicked it open.

Thirty minutes and five rest stops later I stood at the top of the stairs. Twenty minutes after that I stood in the lobby of the building and five minutes after that I was strapping Hopper into the passenger seat of his truck. Shortly after I myself had climbed into the driver's seat I remembered that I couldn't drive. Searching my mind I tried to remember exactly how to start a car, I knew somebody had explained it to me at some point I just had to think. Mere moments later I was wrenched from my thoughts by an ear splitting siren. I may never know quite how I got that car moving but next thing I knew I was tearing down the driveway and out onto the highway. I felt a pang of fear run through me as glancing in the rearview mirror I saw bright headlights and the outline of a convoy of Crown Vic's

And soon thereafter heard the first gunshot. Thinking fast I swung the pickup onto a dirt road leading off the highway and floored the gas. Dark silhouettes of trees rose before me as I sped down the forest path. The convoy of cars still hot on my heels. Thinking back to the strange things I had done opening the door and pulling the pipe down. The door had an electric lock and the pipes were metal maybe just maybe I was a magnet of some kind. It wasn't much to go on and raised far more questions than answers. But for now it was as good a hunch as any.

Looking ahead I saw an old bridge across a deep gully. This gave me an idea, taking a deep breath I gunned the engine and shot over the bridge. As soon as I was on the other side I slammed the brakes and jumped out of the car. Turning to face the bridge I concentrated as hard as I could on the old bolts that held up the bridge. I closed my eyes and envisioned the bolts coming loose. At first nothing happened and the roar of the engine grew louder. I reached out my arm and concentrated harder. But still nothing was happening the sound was growing even louder. Pushing as hard as I could I let out a long yell of raw emotion. The sound was now supplemented by the clatter of the first of the cars driving onto the wooden planks of the bridge. At this sound I lost it and pushed every ounce of my being into focusing on the bolts. Suddenly something began to happen I felt a tingling in my fingertips and it grew stronger and stronger. It felt like a dam burst in my fingertips and suddenly all this power came rushing out. The sound of that old bridge collapsing was tremendous. As I slowly opened my eyes I saw the last of the Crown Victoria's

slide over the edge of the ravine.

Suddenly I felt very tired and my nose seemed to be running, not mention my ears felt warm and sticky. I pulled myself back into the car seat and wiped my nose. My hand came away bright red and feeling slightly sick I felt my ears. When they also proved to be bloody. I felt my stomach twist into a knot and the edges of my vision began to go dark as I felt myself start to blackout.

**Well this chapter was much longer than my usual writing goal but i just got so caught up in the story. Anyway I hope you enjoyed this chapter and God bless yinz.**

## 8. Chapter 7

Sorry about all the spelling mistakes in the last chapter. I tried to proof read it but somehow I missed a bunch. :(

But hey at least the last chapter was an exciting one (Biased statement) so this new one should have a cool start.

I don't own stranger things. I'm a film student I hardly own a pack of instant noodles let alone an award winning Netflix series.

### Chapter 7

Hopper had no clue where he was or how he got there. Nor did he have any idea who was slumped over in the driver's seat.

he was also becoming more and more aware of his dislocated shoulder and broken finger. The finger was beyond his skills to repair, the shoulder on the other hand he knew how to treat. Ten minutes later he had swapped places with the limp figure in the driver's seat and started the engine. Looking behind the truck he saw a collapsed bridge, looking in front he saw the old dirt path winding off into the dark.

Unable to see any other options he drove off further into the woods. Glancing over at the unconscious boy in the passenger seat he found himself wondering who he was and how he came to be unconscious in the front seat of his truck bleeding like Eleven when she over exerted her power.

Sure he would get answers when the kid woke up. He said kid but with his scraggly beard and messy hair he looked about twenty nine.

Some time later he found his way back out onto the highway and turned the truck towards Hawkins. As his truck rolled down Main Street he pulled over and killing the engine hopped out of the truck. The kid looked like he was in bad shape but he needed to call ahead and let Eleven know he was alright. Hanging up the pay phone three minutes later he started to get back in the cabin of his pickup. A

sudden thought crashing into his mind he turned back to the phone box.

Joyce Byers awoke drenched in a cold sweat and sobbing. When will was gone she hadn't slept a wink, even after his return she had found it hard to sleep, and losing Bob had only made it worse. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes she got to her feet and walked towards the kitchen. She knew she would be unable to get back to sleep so now she just wanted coffee.

As she slowly lowered herself into her favourite chair. The phone started ringing. Worried who would be calling this early she rushed to answer the phone. Before she even had a chance to inquire about the caller she was interrupted by Hopper's rough voice. "I found this kid in the woods" intrigued but unsure how she was involved she indicated for him to continue. "I think he's like Eleven." Joyce was shocked and still somewhat confused as to why he was unable to tell her at a reasonable hour. His next remark however cleared that up perfectly "could you come over and bring Will, I think that we should have him surrounded by people who know about the lab. Five minutes of arguing and fifteen of driving later a cross Joyce a tired Will and an intrigued Jonathan stood on the porch of Hopper's old cabin and knocked

**I hope that you enjoyed this chapter and if you did please leave a review... or if you hated it then feel free to tell me that as well.**

**God bless yinz and have a great week**



## 9. Chapter 8

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to this story of mystery (kinda) and adventure (not really).

Well let's get everything out of the way I AM NOT ONE OF THE DUFFER BROTHERS OR A NETFLIX EXECUTIVE AND AS SUCH I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. Hope that's clear.

I have kind of decided were an end to this story will be but worry not as it is quite a ways off. But other than that I have no news. So without further ado I present to you this chapter.

### Chapter 8

Eleven had finished crying about an hour ago but still lay curled up in Mike's arms. Mike was worried about what she had seen since as soon as she had come out of her trance she had started crying. Mike who had been in the kitchen toasting Eggos had come running to see if she was alright.

She was obviously distraught until the phone had rung and she had ran to get it minutes later she had returned gave Mike a happy look curled up at fallen asleep.

Mike feeling tired himself gazed lovingly at her slender form she was perfect.

He thought and to him at least it was true.

Suddenly he was pulled from his musings by a sharp rapping on the door. Startled he jumped to his feet and immediately regretted it when he heard a startled squeak from Eleven. Who rubbing her sleepy eyes now pulled herself to her feet. "What's wrong?" She asked, and instantly revived an answer when a second knock came from the door.

Mike looked worried as he glanced at El and asked if she thought it was Hopper. And looked even more worried when she said that he had a secret knock.

"What should we do" asked Mike worry creeping into his voice.

"Hello anybody there?!" Mike sighed in relief as the voice was clearly that of Will's mom. Soon he was trying to disappear into the sofa as Eleven greeted Joyce. Mike felt awkward when Mrs. Byers asked him why he was here alone at three in the morning with Eleven.

Joyce was shocked to find Mike alone with his girlfriend at three AM. And even though he promised that it was all above board and nothing Untoward has been going on.

She still remembered being there age and was suspicious. she also would have continued to question the boy out of care for Eleven except at that moment Hopper's old police truck now looking even more banged up than usual. A moment later the room exploded into chaos as people rushed out to help Hopper carry the limp form into the cabin and clear a place to put him. A few minutes of madness later and the figure lay in Eleven's bed with Hopper agreed to sleep in shifts so as to make sure when he woke up one of them would be there to help him. Jonathan offered to take a shift, but Joyce forbid it saying that they all should get some sleep and if she couldn't then he would.

It was dim like the last stand of night against the army's of the day.

When first awakened. slowly opening my eyes a tenth of an inch at a time. I became aware of my head pounding in the same way as I assumed a Hangover would. As I grew more aware of my surroundings I realized two things one that I was in a small bed room.

The room was sparsely decorated, and what decoration there was indicated that the primary occupant of this room was possessed of both youthfulness and femininity. though also some interest towards more male focuses as indicated by a large STAR WARS poster on the wall. And various action figures. The second thing I noticed was that I was incredibly thirsty. Letting out a small groan I struggled to a sitting position. And at a second glance notice I was not alone, as the room was also inhabited by the asleep and loudly snoring sheriff.

**Sorry for the late upload I feel asleep while writing this chapter**

as I tend to write late in the evening. As for the story my OC should finally meet Eleven next chapter. Have a great week and God bless yinz.

## 10. Chapter 9

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to When the clock strikes one. I am quite excited for this chapter as it will included the first meeting of Eleven and my OC.

I would like to give special thanks to XBnemesiX for brainstorming help.

### Chapter 9

Brenner was furious that he had lost the time traveler and more than that he was worried that the boy would fall into Russian hands. And now the higher ups were demanding that he create more children. Even after he had told them that he was willing to do anything but torture more women.

He knew his days were numbered but he'd be banished to the other side of the portal before he let them kick him out. Not from this project not him. A wicked glint came into his eyes as he slowly took a long swig from a gold engraved hip flask.

"Not today" he said quietly as he walked out of his office and towards the lab "Not today".

Joyce slowly stood from her chair and walked towards the bedroom where their guest was sleeping. Her aim was to relieve Hopper from his patient watch but when she entered the room she found that not only was Hopper asleep but the young man was sitting up in bed watching him with a tired smile on his face. "Oh, good morning I'm glad to see that you're awake" she said as she kicked Hopper in the leg. This action elicited a groan from the sheriff and a short and painful seeming laugh from there guest who a moment later was clutching his head. Joyce's motherly instincts kicked in and she rushed to his side asking how she could help.

For a moment he appeared to be unable to find the right words, before answering in a hoarse voice. "Water"

Jonathan sat on the porch in the crisp morning air. As he looked out

into the woods. It was beautiful a light fog shrouding the trees in a ghostly light. He wished he had brought his camera.

He was just trying to figure out how he would frame the shot exactly. When he heard the sound of engines in the distance. Worriedly he jumped to his feet and took a step back towards the door. When around the bend came Steve's car followed shortly thereafter by a small convoy of bicycles.

Jonathan was slightly surprised to see Nancy climb out of Steve's car but his worries were quickly set to rest when she ran up to him and kissed him. He gave her a smile and asked why she was here before turning and extending the question to everybody. Dustin quickly offered up a reply

"Mike radioed the party and explained the situation I then called Steve and told him and went and told Nancy." Jonathan was slightly bewildered by this explanation but invited them in nonetheless.

Eleven Stood in the doorway holding tightly onto Mike's hand, as she gazed curiously at her "brother" if he was nice like her or bad like Cali. She also wondered what his abilities were and so many other questions flooded her mind. But before she could ask any of them he looked her dead in the eyes and said "Hello Eleven"

**Ok so I might have kinda lied about El and my OC meeting. I mean they sorta did but it wasn't big. Anywho have a lovely life and God bless Yinz.**

## 11. Chapter 10

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to the story. Fair warning there might be a break from writing in my future as I am starting to feel a little bit burned out but I promise to get stuck back into it ASAP that however is the future and this is now so now let's get into this chapter.

### Chapter 10

Hopper was standing in the kitchen making breakfast for everyone, a job which was delegated to him as punishment for falling asleep on watch. It was also a job which had gotten much larger when half the town stormed into the cabin, or at least that's what it felt like to the sheriff. When he was informed that Dustin, Lucas, Max, Nancy, and Steve had been invited by Mike. That boy had some nerve springing something like this on his Girlfriend's father. He thought begrudgingly as he cracked the fifth egg into the frying pan. A job made more difficult by his broken finger. Which was now wrapped in a bulky bandage

Joyce watched on a look of pity on her face. As the poor boy was mercilessly questioned by the assembled crowd. She was fully aware that she had the power to stop them, but truth be told she was awfully curious herself. So far the interrogation had revealed that he was

John Scott, he was seventeen and thought that he could control magnetism but he wasn't completely sure, and perhaps most unbelievable this young man claimed that he was a time traveler, and that wasn't all he claimed he was a time traveler from an alternate dimension where everything since Will's disappearance was a was nothing but a television show. Not that she necessarily believed his final claim. Having heard enough she turned and walked off to help Hopper with the breakfast.

It was officially the most surreal experience of my life, sitting on a bed being questioned about my life by a group of fictional characters. I was so dumbstruck that I blurted out not only that I was a time traveler but that they were all fictional on top of it. And for a second

after that I heard nothing from the group. Worried that I had ruined my chances of getting any help out of them, Dustin cleared his throat and said

"Well if there are alternate dimensions then what he says is theoretically possible"

And after that the questions had resumed but they were a little bit smaller scale than before. Not that I had any problem with that.

After a few minutes Joyce left and returned shortly thereafter with a plate of eggs and bacon on a tray. Laying the tray across my lap she said in a motherly tone "Don't worry your safe with us, at least for now."

The tone she had used reminded me of my mother, and the thought of her came dangerously close to dragging me back into the depression I spent most of my time in the lab with.

Unwilling to lose myself again I gave myself a stern talking to. Put my breakfast to the side as I clambered to my feet.

When I walked into the small living room dining room I saw the group sitting some at the table some on the couch and more on the floor. As I entered the room Mrs. Wheeler yelled at me to go back to bed, but I had no intention of doing that. Taking a seat on the floor next to Jonathan I gave him a smile and stuck up a conversation.

**Still no Proper El/OC meeting but I cannot force the story and the chapter I wrote felt so much more organic than anything.**

**God bless Yinz**

## 12. Chapter ELEVEN

**Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to When the clock strikes one. It has been a day or two since my last update but now here I am feeling refreshed and psyched about writing.**

### **Chapter "ELEVEN"**

It had been three weeks since I had woken up in Eleven's bedroom with the worst headache of my life. Surrounded by a crowd of fictional characters who were intent on questioning me about my life story. In that time I had developed a friendship with Jonathan as we both had an interest in photography.

Though after one try I had quickly decided to never try and explain digital photography to him or anybody ever again. Luckily for me, the characters as I still found myself thinking of them had been most courteous to me.

Even going so far as to treat me like one of them. For this, I was grateful, as I knew how easy it would be to ignore me for all of them except for Hopper and Eleven.

Who were stuck with me as I had nowhere else to live and they both knew it

The sheriff and I with the help of Steve and Jonathan. Had built a new room onto the old cabin.

Mike Dustin and Lucas had also helped. But they were certainly not destined to be construction workers.

But today I found myself alone with eleven playing D&D with the gang, and Hopper at work. Taking advantage of this quiet time I sat down on the newly built porch swing and began to Pray.

I had grown up in a religious family but had never felt any real faith.

But since I had found myself in another world I had put a little bit more weight in the supernatural.



"You stand in a long hall carved from the heart of the mountain itself. When suddenly as if you had activated some tripwire the whole cavern was ablaze with magical lanterns. Listening closely you aware you are able to hear a ghostly fanfare as if hearing the echoes of this dead kingdom you are exploring." Mike said with a flourish as he began to reach for the piece that would symbolize the boss he was about to unleash on his friends. Taking a deep breath and slowly rising to his feet Mike tried to make himself as imposing as possible for the reveal. When suddenly the basement door flew open and Nancy rushed in followed by Jonathan and Steve.

Lucas Dustin Max and El all looked at the new arrivals with curiosity, but Mike looked like he was about to explode. He'd had just been able to get the mood perfect for his reveal when they had barged in.

But his mood soon changed when Nancy announced her intention to throw John a party has he had mentioned that his birthday was in a month. With all that he had lost he needed a pick me up Nancy thought and everyone else agreed. So, the campaign forgotten they all went to work planning the occasion.

**Well, I guess with the way everything went we just won't have the big El meets John moment. (I might write it as a one shot and put it up separately... no promises) But what we do have is a party so we have that to look forward to. Anyway, good night and God bless Yinz.**

## 13. Chapter 12

**Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to my story. In the last chapter the main gang started planning my OC's birthday party. And my OC had started to come to terms with his situation. So now without further ado let the story commence.**

### Chapter 12

I was still sitting on the porch swing when Jim's battered old police truck pulled into the driveway of the cabin. I gave him a small wave as he started towards the house. Seeing that he was carrying several bags of groceries I jumped up to assist him with getting everything into the cabin. And now I figured this would be as good a time as any to ask him the question that had been on my mind. "Hey... Hopper could I go into town and buy some period correct clothing?" I didn't see why he would say no I mean the lab was occupied and knew my face but he had still let El have a social life. Albeit a somewhat sheltered one, as a precaution he had banned her walking anywhere alone, but that wasn't a huge burden. the boys had been teaching her to ride a bike so that they could ride together anyway.

But I suddenly got a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach when the sheriff fixed me with a withering glare. Clearing his throat he spoke "Period correct? What do you think this is sixteen fourteen!?" He sounded annoyed but there was a playful look in his eyes. We stared at each other for a few seconds, but finally neither of us could stand it and burst out laughing. Catching his breath he told me that if I was to go than I would need to go with somebody, the same revised don't be stupid rules that he had given to El. "So could you take me into town?" And the answer came back a tired no. and soon there after Hopper flopped down onto the couch and opened a can of beer.

Nancy Jonathan and Steve were all sitting in Joyce Byers kitchen working on arrangements for the surprise party they were planning for John. When the phone rang and Jonathan got up to get it.

Nancy looked nervous, and cleared her throat to get Steve's attention "Steve?" She said, and with a grunt he looked up "Yeah?" Was all he said. Finally mustering the courage she took a deep breath and said "I

want you to know that in the end it never would have worked between us"

She had more planned to say but at that moment Steve said "I know" there was what felt like a long silence before either of them spoke. After some time Nancy said "we are still friends... right?" And Steve nodded and gave a small laugh "This feels like the ending of a bad romantic comedy".

And this made Nancy laugh "how would you know" she said with a friendly wink.

And Steve with a grin replied "Well you made me watch a bunch of them"

And this finally was enough to push her over the edge, she cracked and burst out laughing.

Much to Steve's confusion, after about twenty seconds of laughter she calmed down enough to speak " You slept through all of them".

Steve looked dumbfounded "it's not that funny" he said indignantly.

To Nancy though it was, and before they could continue the banter Jonathan had entered the room. With news, as it turned out John had just called asking for a ride into town to buy some clothes. They all beamed as this would be the perfect opportunity to figure out what to get him by looking at what windows he peered in.

**Hey guys hope you enjoyed this chapter. I tried to make the Nancy Steve scene believable, but that I haven't had a similar experience in my life I am not one hundred percent sure of how they would have acted in that scenario. And for BNemesis here is the eleven meets OC scene takes on for good measure.**

**P.S this is from El's point of view.**

I clutched Mike's hand tighter and stared heart racing at my "brother" as he sat on the bed looking tired. I wasn't quite sure how he made me feel, as on the one hand he was like me, but on the other so was Kali and she had turned out to be bad.

There was also something else about him that just felt strange like he knew a thousand secrets, but was also clueless to so much of the world.

I wasn't sure where she got that impression from. something in his eyes said most of it.

Letting go of mikes hand I warily approached the bed when suddenly the man turned to look at me and said "Hello Eleven"

**Good night and God bless Yinz.**

## 14. Chapter 13

Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to

"The clock strikes one"

In the last chapter, the Teens were planning John's birthday and John wanted new clothes.

I also tacked the El meets OC scene onto the end as a flashback. I really hope you enjoyed this story thus far. And I feel like I must warn you if I stick to my plan then we are more than halfway through the story. (Though if I

can't make the ending work I will extend the story to make it work.) With that out of the way let's get into the plot.

### Chapter 13

Doctor Brenner sat in his office in Hawkins lab reading a stack of reports on his desk.

They were all about the boy who had escaped and then collapsed a bridge underneath his men.

He had known the boy was a time traveler, but he could never have guessed that he had powers. And now he had managed to lose track of him. And all the reports on his desk were in slightly modified words saying the same thing. "We have no idea where he is". This was not good enough for Brenner. But as he was now operating on shaky ground, as far as official allowance of his project was concerned.

There was not much he could do' so now with an ever-deepening scowl on his face he picked the next report off the top of the pile.

I was excited to get out of the house for a change as I had been stuck there for about a month and my mind was starting to rot from cabin fever.

So when Jonathan's car pulled up on to the driveway I grabbed the wallet full of money Hopper had given me for clothes, about two

hundred dollars in all. And pulling on an old jacket of Hopper's I ran out to meet my new friend, friends I quickly corrected myself as I saw that he accompanied by Nancy and to my surprise Steve. I climbed into the back seat and we were off. About ten minutes later we pulled onto Main Street. After a minute of searching, we found an empty meter and parked. It was very busy for a small town, as next week was the end of the summer break. Surrounded by parents who had left there back to school shopping 'till today, and kids trying to use their last week of freedom as effectively as possible. I made my way to a small and relatively uncrowded clothing store.

Eleven ven and Mike were walking together and enjoying the afternoon sun.

The young couple gazed lovingly into each other's eyes, and to the rest of the world seemed to be the cutest pair in the world. And certainly not two monster hunters that had fought the government in a Secret war and won, who were currently harboring a wanted fugitive that just so happened to be a time traveler on top of all that. Nobody except the man in the dark sunglasses standing on the other side of the road slowly pulling on an army jacket as he spied on them. Mike and El continued there wall completely unaware of the stalker as he moved in behind them.

Who was being closely followed by a beige sedan. Mike was just leaning in to give a quick peck on the cheek when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

**Thanks for reading everyone. I have one quick announcement to make and that is that my upload schedule won't be good for a couple of weeks what I work on exams. So this might be the last chapter for a few days.**

**God bless Yinz.**

## 15. Chapter 14

### Chapter 14.

**Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to my story. Worry not for an alive (though just barely) and have merely been taking a break for school still have a week but figured I would get this chapter out.**

It was afternoon when the small convoy of Crown Victorias pulled up to the gates of the Hawkins lab. A man in a dark suit and glasses stepped out onto the pavement. As he walked towards the building flanked by a small army of military police.

Doctor Brenner calmly watched the men approaching on the CCTV system. He had known this was coming, yesterday he had revived a letter informing him that the government had pulled his funding, after that he knew it was only a matter of time until they tried to arrest him.

But he wasn't going to let that happen. Not without finding out what that time traveler knew. It was sad he thought that his love of science would lead him to betray he country. But no he couldn't think like that they were the ones who had betrayed him, when they pulled his funding.

Taking a deep breath he reached out and pressed a small red button on the control panel. Brenner turned away from the screens but was still able to hear the screaming. A small shudder went down his back as he picked up a gas mask and walked off the rendezvous with the

Bell UH1 Huey on the roof.

After a long shopping trip John, Jonathan, Steve, and Nancy were all driving to a small local dinner that had just opened "The Greasy Spoon". When they pulled onto a little side street, they were shocked to see a man dragging two kids into the bushes in a fit of sudden realization Nancy shouted "That guy has Mike and El!" Jonathan slammed the and I jumped out of the car and started running. "Hey creep, pick on somebody your own size!" Jonathan shouted close on

their heels. The man or boy as I now saw he looked about my age. Had blond hair and a tattered green army jacket. Something about him seemed familiar. That was when it hit me I knew him he was from the future like me, he was my friend. Sadly for him I realized this too late as Steve had already dislocated his jaw with a massive right hook.

Hopper walked out of the police station flanked by his deputies. They had just been informed of an armed robbery in progress at the army surplus store on the edge of town. Too distracted by the irony of an armed robbery at a surplus store, and shocked by being asked to do normal police things. Unconnected to government conspiracies, or telepathic bald girls. He didn't notice the low how if a helicopter retreating into the distance.

**Thank you for reading this chapter, and I will try to get back on my normal schedule soon.**



## 16. Chapter 15

I'mmmm Baaack, hah thought you could get rid of me that easily did you schedule well NOT TODAY!

Sorry for the long gap but life happened and one thing lead to another and so on and so forth.

Anywho let's get back to the story.

### Chapter 15

When Tom woke up he had the worst headache of his life, he also woke up surrounded by a group of rather unhappy looking individuals. This was not the outcome he had hoped for.

When the scientist said all he had to do was grab the kid and he would send him home.

He had foolishly thought it would be easy... he was wrong. As clearly evidenced by the cable ties he had just discovered on his wrists. This wasn't good he thought, but then a glint of hope appeared before him as he started to pay attention to his captors. He knew them, that is to say, he knew one of them, but that was a start. "John" he started looking his friend in the eye. "Care to explain what's going on?" he said trying to sound calm. "I think you should be the one answering that question."

He hadn't expected that response, but in hindsight, it did seem natural, that they would want answers. "Very well... untie me and we can talk"

Suddenly he was doubled over on the floor wincing in pain. "How 'bout you just answer the question?!" the voice was female he noted, he hadn't noticed that there was a girl present.

But then again he never paid much attention to other members of his species, maybe he should.

He was ripped from this train of thought by another kick to the gut. "I really wish you would STOP DOING THAH" she kicked him again.

"Fine," he said " what do you want to know..." losing her temper the girl yelled, "I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU WERE GRABBING MY BROTHER YOU CREEP!" " And El." said John "that kid's like a sister to me" this information he didn't know, it interested him but now he could see was not the time.

"It's kind of a long story and a highly doubt you would believe it" but as he said that he realized that for John to be there the chances were high that they would. Seeing their unimpressed faces he resolved to tell the whole story.

When hopper arrived at the surplus store he found the front window smashed and the owner tied up in the back. Pulling the gag off of his mouth Hopper began questioning him as to particulars of the assailant. "It was a gang of them, looked like something off MTV. all black denim and 't see there faces though, they had masks. Creepy ones at that, all clowns and ghouls. It looked like they were dressed up for Halloween.

**Hope you enjoyed that, I know I did it feels great to write again.**

**Have a great life and god bless Yinz.**

## 17. Chapter 16

life happened and among other things, my grandmother died and I just didn't have the motivation to write anything for a couple of months. About a week ago I started writing again, and now I decided it was time to get back into this story. So without further ado.

### Chapter 16

"MTV?" hopper said a strange thought starting to form in the back of his head. It seemed to fit but how could it be... they were miles away and had no idea where she was, did they?

"Your gonna get these creeps ain't ya, sheriff" the voice of the elderly shopkeeper burst his bubble of concentration. Hopper shook his head and assured the man he would. Before turning to walk out of the shop and getting into his truck. He had a few questions for Eleven.

Tom is still tied up but they had moved him into a chair I sat across from him most of the anger gone. He had been explaining how after waking up in the lab Brenner had given him an ultimatum, translating roughly to Bioshock infinite's hook of bring us the girl and wipe away the debt. This further served to convince my already convinced mind that the good doctor was evil.

There was only one question left "what did he offer you?" To ask what I meant? "What was he paying you to kidnap?" What Ton said next shocked mine to the core. "He said he'd send me back". My mind was reeling "send you back!?" I asked in shock. How was this possible! Was this possible? A thousand questions filled my head.

He was obviously lying... wasn't he? It was then that I was rocked from my contemplations by the enraged shout of Hopper coming over the old two-way radio. "HE DID WHAT!?" El had been trying to reach him since they got home but until now she had been unable to. I had assumed he wasn't in his truck or the station, maybe at lunch. Rushing to the radio I grabbed the receiver from El, giving her an apologetic look I pressed the button. "Calm down Hop, the poor guy was being coerced," I said as placatingly as possible. It didn't seem to

help as when I released the button my ears were assaulted by "Calm down? CALM DOWN! I'll calm you if he goes near my daughter again!" Realising it was fruitless I handed the receiver back to El and turned to face Tom

"Sorry, bro... your dog meat" a couple of the others gave me weird looks but I ignored them as I walked out the front of the cabin to try and block Hopper, a not entirely conferring prospect.

Not for the first time, Joyce woke to the sound of her own screams for a moment she lay there panting. Finally, she turned to look at the clock switching on her lamp she saw the hands of her old alarm clock the time sat at 05:36 AM. Early enough that she thought she could fall back asleep.

It was then the ear-splitting scream filled the house! She jumped out of bed and ran to where the noise sounded like it emanated from.

Will opened his eyes slowly the room was dark, what ambient light there was was pale and sickly, the walls were covered in mold and the air was filled with spores and particulates. His breath caught in his throat as he felt panic creeping into his mind, he was in the upside down... \*crash\* his door exploded outwards and suddenly a foul smell filled his nostrils. It was the stench of death mixed with a sharp chemical odor. He looked out the door or that is to say tried to, but whatever lay beyond was far too dark to make out anything. He felt a strange burning desire to find out what was outside the room so he counted down from ten, and taking a deep breath he stepped out into the corridor of his house. Or at least that's what he thought would be there instead he found a long empty hallway. The wide hall was littered with bodies "this explains the death smell" he thought, but the chemicals still didn't make sense to him. It was at this moment he realized he had to breathe, and as he sucked in oxygen he felt a sharp searing heat in his mouth. His throat was burning and he felt the need to cough. And cough he did the sound of moist hacking filled the air, and the stench grew worse as now his nose was assaulted by the metallic smell of fresh blood, the corresponding taste to simultaneously filled his mouth.

As he looked down to his horror the front of his shirt was covered in red. His vision blurred and he fell to the ground.

As he lay there gasping a figure in a black with a gas mask suit walked out of the shadows and said "I am still watching" he didn't recognise the voice but had an unexplainable feeling this was Eleven's infamous papa Doctor Brenner. "you are a foolish boy, for soon I will escape with the opening of the conduit" as he said this he removed his mask to reveal nothing, or more aptly the absence of anything, a deep black fog... the Mindflayer.

**Well, that just happened I hate to Shyamalan you but...  
WHATATWIST!**

**Hope you enjoyed please review... or not (plz do I need  
validation... that was a joke btw)**

**Have a wonderful week and God bless Yinz.**

## 18. Chapter 17

**Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome back to the story. I don't own anything, so on and so forth.**

Will awoke being shaken by his mother his shirt soaked not with blood but with sweat. "Are you okay!" Joyce yelled, but Will was too out of it to answer, instead just feebly nodding his head. "Yeah... just a bad dream" he eventually croaked out, his voice sore from shouting, he flinched as the pain reminded him of the dream... or vision , or whatever it was.

Joyce rushed into the kitchen to call Hop hoping he could help.

"Hello, this is Sheriff Hoppers residence, Nancy Wheeler speaking."

"Hi, Nancy this is Joyce, is hopper there."

Nancy thought Joyce sounded panicked (or more so than usual)

"No he's not" Nancy thought that given what she knew of his mood, that he wouldn't help anyway.

"Well is Jonathan with you?" Joyce said trying to keep a calm voice.

There was a short pause before "Yes he's right here"

Nancy handed the phone to Jonathan, with a worried look on her face. "It's your mom, she sound worried" quickly Jonathan took the receiver.

And nancy quickly rushed to the window as she had just hear Hoppers truck pulling into the driveway, and that couldn't end well for John's friend "Ton? Tim... NO! Tom!" She struggled to remember his name having misheard it in the excitement.

Hopper kept out of his car, and made a beeline for the front door. When suddenly John was blocking his path "wait" John said "Brenner was blackmailing him"

Jim heard this but didn't exactly process it yet. "Where is that little

punk!?"

I was suddenly struck with the realization that this wasn't working...

**Sorry guys about the short chapter, but I've got the schedule from hell right now and can't really write much :(**

**I promise to try to update soon (promise to try soon, wow I sound like a politician) but in the meantime God Bless yinz and have great weeks.**

## 19. Chapter 18

### Chapter 18

**Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome Chapter eighteen. Again really sorry about the length of the last chapter.**

**Now with that out of the way let's get on with the story, shall we?**

I was suddenly struck with the realization that this wasn't working, Hopper was mad (not that I necessarily blamed him) but I could see in his eye that he was more than ready to take this way to far. But I wasn't about to let that happen "Jim, he's not our enemy" I said trying to sound convincing, I must have failed as Hopper stormed past me as if I wasn't there.

Turning on a dime a stormed into the small cabin after the angry sheriff, all along trying to reason with him as he shouted obscenities at none in particular.

Tom was sitting up in bed eating a bowl of soup somebody had reheated for him, when Hopper burst into the bedroom pistol drawn and shouting. As I watched all the color drained from Tom's face. I stood frozen as the muzzle of the pistol flashed and Tom went limp.

Tom lay unconscious on the bed. The bullet floating, seemingly in thin air. Almost as soon as this happened hoppers gun flew out of his hand breaking his trigger finger.

El stood in the doorway tears flowing down her face, as a glint of red appeared on her upper lip.

Hopper then staggered and collapsed into a chair, looking El in the eyes he said "Why?".

El tried to talk to him but he just stared blankly ahead, Ell started crying harder and harder, as her sobs filled to room I looked at him and realized he was in shock and had fainted pulling El out of the room with me and telling her he was "ok" I asked the others his they



knew the location of any smelling salts.

Jonathan's car screeched into his mother's driveway and ran full tilt up the stairs and into his home. His mother and brother were sitting on the living room sofa, as he stopped he heated the end of his brothers grizzly tail

Jonathan was relieved that his brother was alright (at least physically) "Hey mom I think I should take him to talk to El about this, what do you think?" Joyce was dubious at first but ultimately agreed that it was the right thing to do.

**Thanks for reading**

**God Bless yinz and have a great week!**

## **20. Sorry**

I hate to say it but this story is dead I have lost the drive to finish, I will leave it up has a reminder to myself to plan better in future, as I had no outline when I started writing this...